

Gone Jackals

"Covering Hallowed Ground"

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I was taking in the haight
With a guest from L.A.
Wearin' underwears
Like a hat on my head.
The spirit of the sixties
Was all around

From high on hippie hill
We surveyed the sacred ground.
Covering hallowed ground.

Well, I was south of the slot
By closing time
My black leather chaps
Afloat the crystalline tide.
I wheeled down an alley
That shined with lube

Checked the ghost of Sylvester
By the light of the man on the moon.
Covering hallowed ground.
When daybreak broke
I hit the beach but found no sand,
Though saints Peter and Paul
Were close at hand.

A screamer bared his knife
And drew a fleet of black and whites -
A book he'd written, way back when,
Had changed my life.

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